

WANDERERS.
We followed the path of years
And walked for awhile together
Through the hills of hope and the vale of
Sorrow.
Banned by laughter and washed by tears,
In the best and the worst of weather,
Till we came to a gloomy wood,
Where our steps were forced to stand
By the twisted, tangled trees that stood
Meeting above like a frowning hood.
With a world of darkness around,
And whenever by chance we met
In the woodland's open spaces,
We were bruised and lacerated and soiled
And wet.
With much to pity, forgive, forget,
In our sorrowed and dusty faces.
Well, it was long ago,
And the leaves in the wood are falling,
As we wander wearily to and fro,
With many a change in our hearts, I know,
But still I can hear you calling.
—Arthur J. Lesgo in London Sun.

Personal Mention.
Rev. W. Brice Morrow is in Carlisle, Pa.
Isaac L. Tyson and family have removed
to Philadelphia.
Miss Nellie Mason, of Pittsburg, was the
guest of Miss Ethel Gilkison over Sunday.
Mrs. William G. Buckman gives a pro-
gressive euchre party to-morrow evening.
Miss Laura Steel left Bristol last Saturday
for a three week visit to friends in Boston.
The engagement of Dr. Joseph deB.
Abbott and Miss Helen Keim is announced.
Walter Winner, of Rancocas, N. J., was
the guest of Tom Scott for several days last week.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.
—Thunder in February brings snow in
April, is the old adage.
—The Bucks County Board of Pension
Examiners met in Bristol yesterday.
—Mrs. Frank F. Bell gave a croquet
party to some of her friends last night.
—A violent thunder storm passed over
Bristol last Friday afternoon and evening.
—Lewis Jones, Jr., removed his knitting
machine manufactory to Philadelphia, last
Friday.
—John McGinley, of Bristol, has made an
assignment to Dr. A. S. Wilson for the
benefit of creditors.
—The Delaware was frozen over this
morning from shore to shore, making the
third time it has been in this condition this
season.
—John Turner was taken to the county
jail in default of \$200 bail. He was charged
with misdemeanor in looting about the rail-
road station.
—At the entertainment at the A. M. E.
church on last Thursday evening \$32 were
received, which will be applied to the re-
duction of the church debt.
—List of letters remaining in Bristol post-
office, Thursday, March 6th, 1896: Jerry
Mullen, W. H. Dilworth, Pat'k Dwyer, Mrs.
M. G. Campton, Miss Annie A. Moore.
—Jesse Webster, of West Grove, will at-
tend Friends meeting at the corner of Wood
and Market streets, on Sunday morning, the
8th inst., at 11 o'clock. All are invited.
—The Grand Officers of the Order Sons of
Temperance of Pennsylvania, will pay their
annual official visit to Bristol Division, No.
107, 8, of T., on Friday evening, March
6th, 1896.
—The male members of the First Baptist
Church will give a "Leap Year Supper," on
Thursday evening, March 19th. The supper
is to be entirely under the direction of the
male members of the church, who will also
act as aids during the evening.
—On Monday evening, March 9th, W. A.
Lafferty, the popular lecturer, will give his
famous lecture "Golden Deeds," in the
First Baptist Church. Mr. Lafferty has been
endowed by the leading merchants and
pastors of Philadelphia, as a powerful and
interesting lecturer. The tickets are 25
cents.
—Mrs. A. M. Holroy, of West Pittsburg,
Pa., will lecture in the Baptist church Fri-
day evening, March 13, at 7.45 o'clock, un-
der the auspices of the W. C. T. U. Sub-
ject, "Some Things the Women Have Found
Out." Mrs. Holroy is an attractive, elo-
quent, witty speaker, and the public are
cordially invited to be present.
—Harry J. Stone's popular dramatic com-
pany, of Philadelphia, will present a com-
edy, entitled, "Fun in a Boarding School." This
is the company which has been delighting
Bristol audiences, and of which the
Bristol papers speak very highly. It
merits no doubt the success here. Its
merits deserve, and which will be sufficient
to ensure their early return.
—The Young People's Union of the First
Baptist Church will observe next Sunday as
Founder's Day. A special programme has
been arranged for both morning and evening.
Col. H. H. Hadley, of the Water Street
Mission, N. Y. City, will address the Young
People on Sunday morning. He will have
with him Prof. Louis Brown, a converted
opera singer and Alexander Leach, the Chris-
tian athlete. In the evening A. M. Brinkle,
District Secretary of the Young People's
Union, will address the meeting. All
welcome.
—Robert Hestonington was nearly asphyx-
iated on Tuesday. In the morning after
the fire he went to the rooms of the Clover
Club on Mill street, and laid down to rest.
During the night the gas had been turned
off, and when it had been turned off at the
gas works, in consequence of a broken
pipe at the fire the light went out; when
again turned on the escaping gas filled the
room. On Tuesday afternoon Hestonington
was found in an unconscious condition. Dr.
Parwell was called in and restored him to
his normal condition.
—Sheriff Alonzo Nicholas last night took
charge of the store of J. Wesley Wright, at
the corner of Bath and Oxford streets, execu-
tion having been issued on judgment notes
to James and William P. Wright. The goods
will be sold at Sheriff's sale on Monday,
March 10th. Mr. Wright has been a pro-
minent business man in Bristol for more
than a quarter of a century, having suc-
ceeded his father in the business in 1870.
His present misfortune is due greatly to the
prevailing hard times and inability to collect
many outstanding accounts. He has hosts
of friends in Bristol and vicinity who trust
that he will soon be able to begin anew a
business career that will prove to be a pro-
sperous one.

**PROVIDENCE HOSIERY MILLS
BURNED.**
**The Most Destructive Fire Bristol Has
Ever Had—Loss About \$100,000.**
The Providence Hosiery Mills, on Buck-
ley street, belonging to the estate of Samuel
Appleton were totally destroyed by fire at
an early hour on Tuesday morning. Prop-
erty valued at over \$100,000 was reduced to
ashes and two hundred employees have been
thrown out of work.
Shortly before one o'clock the mill was
discovered to be on fire. It is supposed to
have had its origin in a room where paper
boxes, such as are used in putting up
hosiery, are stored. No fire was kept in the
room and the cause of its inception is un-
accounted for. The mill whistles first gave
the alarm. Three alarms were simultane-
ously given from the fire alarm boxes, and
the locomotive whistles added their shrill
notes of warning.
Soon the fire companies were on the
ground, and eight streams of water were
directed against the flames. A stiff breeze
from the northwest blew steadily and
rendered their efforts of but little avail. It
was soon seen that the buildings were
doomed, but the firemen worked heroically
all night and by their efforts saved much
valuable property. The sky was lighted by
the flames for miles around. In Doyle's
town the reflection could be seen. The
sparks and burning fabrics were borne by
the force wind in every direction and a
dozen or more houses were in great danger.
On Penn, on Wilson, on Pond and on Rad-
cliffe streets the burning cinders fell on the
roofs and but for the vigilance of the watch-
men would have caused incalculable damage.
Some were even carried across the river into
Burlington. The solid stone masonry of the
big carpet mill acted as a barrier to a great
deal of the flying, burning material, and it
is thought that but for this a great portion
of the borough would have been doomed.
S. B. Ardrey & Son's machine shop on
Pond street was several times seriously
threatened. A dwelling adjoining DeWitt's
green houses had a narrow escape. The
house occupied by William B. Rogers, on
Radcliffe street, directly opposite the water
works, caught fire, which was promptly
quenched with a bucket of water. The
firemen, when it was seen that other por-
tions of the town were in danger, were dis-
tributed in different parts of the borough in
order to give prompt service. William E.
Doran had steamed up in the ferry boat and
the crew in readiness to go to Burlington at
a moment's notice, should any be required
from the Burlington fire department.
The intense cold made it hard work for
the firemen. The spray blown by the wind
upon their clothes, forced a solid coat of
ice, and some were so covered they found it
impossible to move their arms until they
were thawed out.
The firemen of Bristol feel exceedingly
grateful to those people who so nobly minis-
tered to the comfort of the half frozen men
at the Appleton mill fire. A GAZETTE re-
porter overheard the following: "Say, and
if it hadn't been for Bob King and his pain-
ful lot of hot coffee, all us fellows on top of
the Mission would have been froze stiff."
Mr. King started soon after the fire broke
out, and was untiring in his efforts to
supply the men, handling the lines of hose
with cups of hot coffee, working hard all
night at his self-appointed task.
Mrs. McIlvaine opened her house and
many a poor fellow feels grateful for relief
from frozen hands and feet.
Mrs. Pierson did all that lay in her
power for the relief and comfort of the fire-
men.
Several other citizens supplied coffee and
kept hot fires in their stoves for the
relief of those who succumbed to the in-
tense cold.
The Providence mills were built about
six years ago. From a small beginning they
grew until they became among the finest
in the state. The buildings, which were
mostly of brick, were about 160x100 feet,
and were principally two stories high.
The entire annual product of about 250,000 doz-
ens of hosiery and underwear, was handled
by the well known firm of Young, Smith,
Field & Co., of Philadelphia.
The amount of insurance on the hosiery
mills and stock is not definitely determined
yet. The safe was opened on Tuesday and
the books and papers found in good condi-
tion. Yesterday Mr. Robert Pearson, who
controls the mills, was engaged in looking
over its contents. He thinks the insurance
now in force amounts to \$87,000 or over.
In addition to the loss of the Providence
mills, two frame dwelling houses, one owned
by the Appleton estate, and the other by
Mrs. Sarah Hayes, were destroyed. They
were occupied by Michael Lafferty and
George Lee. Mr. Lee had an insurance of
\$300 on his household goods. The build-
ings were also insured. Mrs. Hayes' build-
ing was insured in the Phoenix of London,
for \$300, and the one belonging to the Ap-
pleton estate for \$600.
After the matters connected with the in-
surance are adjusted Mr. Pearson expects
that work will promptly begin in rebuilding
the mills.

The Girls Were Boys.
The regular fortnightly dance of the
young people given last Saturday evening in
the Night School building, was a continual
round of pleasure. Saturday was the 29th
day of February, therefore the young ladies
concluded to devote their energies to giving
the boys a real treat by making that dance a
leap year affair. On that evening there was
a grand transformation scene, a regular Dr.
Jekyll and Mr. Hyde affair, don't you
know. Upon entering the hall, to all ap-
pearances, the sexes were reversed, these
having the skirt apparel becoming very at-
tentive. They first saw all the would-be
girls had their programmes well filled, and
that they suffered neither from thirst or
hunger, by enjoying them to the refresh-
ment table, and after each dance fanned
them very gallantly while they told those
little fairy tales and airy nothings that help
to make one have an enjoyable time. One
or two things were particularly noticeable
on that occasion, that the boys (if) did not
retire to the dressing room to enjoy a cigar-
ette after any of the dances, and that five or
six did not sit down in a bunch together,
but devoted their entire time to seeing that
everybody thoroughly enjoyed the occasion.

**Annual Inspection of Hermoine Division
No. 10, U. R. K. of P.**
Last Friday evening Hermoine Division
No. 10, U. R. K. of P. held their first an-
nual inspection and installation of officers
at the rink, and issued about 600 tickets of
invitation to their friends. Early in the
evening Col. Wm. McCullough, commander
of the Third Regiment, and inspecting offi-
cer for this district, accompanied by Col.
Ferguson, of the brigadier general's staff,
Major Geo. Arnold, Major McKee, Adjutant
Thomas C. Thompson, Capt. Wall and
Capt. Haddock, all of his own staff, and
Capt. Cross, of Union Division No. 11, ar-
rived in Bristol and were escorted to the
rink. Shortly after 8 o'clock the floor was
cleared of skaters and the division formed
up and gave a very pretty exhibition drill.
The floor space was an ideal one for drill
purposes. The Colonel and his staff took
up their position in one end of the long
building, and with the division moving be-
fore them in review, to the notes of the
band music, the scene was an inspiring one.
The "boys" drilled well, as they always do,
and were many times applauded by the
large audience.
After the drill came inspection, which the
Inspector pronounced "highly satisfactory."
This was followed by the installation cere-
monies, after which the floor was again
given up to the skaters. Capt. Wm. V.
Leech, who has worked untiringly to bring
his division up to a high standard of ef-
ficiency, must have felt repaid for his la-
bors, as he received the many congratula-
tions of the visitors on the efficiency of his
men. His lieutenants, also, Wetling and
Neely, are doing all in their power to aid
him. Like their commander, they have been
elected for another term of office. The
Philadelphia knights were delighted with
the floor space of the rink as so well suited
for the drill, and some time in the future it
is possible that Hermoine Division may
again secure the building for the purpose of
giving an exhibition battalion drill by the
regiment. C. S.

Heavy Pumping for Fire.
During the three hours heavy pumping at
the Appleton works, for the fire at Appleton's
Mill, the counter on the compound engine
registered over 900,000 gallons of water,
almost all of which was used on the fire, as
it occurred when neither the railroad nor
the town required water. The total output
for the twenty-four hours was \$1,889,000 gal-
lons. The pump has a rated capacity of
2,000,000 gallons per diem, but the discharge
of 300,000 gallons per hour was at the rate
of 7,200,000 gallons per day, a portion of
the time showing at the rate of nearly 10-
000,000 gallons per day, every drop of
water was actually required to prevent the
spread of the conflagration. The steam end
of the works demonstrated its capability of
maintaining more than the fifty-six pounds
of hydrostatic pressure that was kept up
during the whole of this enormous discharge,
the safety valve being wide open, and every-
thing in readiness to supply additional
streams from the reserve pumps in case of
other fires occurring from the sparks that
were flying so thickly over the upper por-
tion of the town.
A much better water pressure would have
been obtained at the threatened points as
the elevation at Buckley street, together with
the friction of the mains and long lines of
hose, materially reduced the effectiveness of
the streams, while the fact that the canal
was empty compelled the steamer to use the
main from which the plug streams were
playing.
As to the work of the fireman, whether of
incorporated or unincorporated companies,
who battled with the fire in the teeth of a
wild March gale, saving the adjoining prop-
erties, the writer believes that no town in
the county can point to results equalling
their service of many years in confining a
fire to the building in which it originated,
or whose companies can surpass them in
skill, energy and perseverance.
CHARLES E. SCOTT.

A School Entertainment.
Last Friday afternoon a pleasant entertain-
ment was given by "B Grammar School."
Wood street, called "Scholars' Day" ex-
ercises. Several guests were present, in-
cluding patrons of the school and a number
of directors, as well as the superintendent.
All seemed to enjoy the occasion, with its
variety of interesting features, comprising
original papers, recitations, singing, and in-
structive exercises specially appealing to the
month of February. On the black-
boards, drawn by two of the pupils, were
chalk sketches of the heads of Washington,
Lincoln, Lowell and Longfellow, prominent
Americans born in the short month which
we call February, and about whom the
scholars were their facts or displayed their
youthful skill. The selection from the two
poets named were happy and appropriate,
and very creditably presented.
It is good for the growing youth to know
about such great Americans as Washington
and Lincoln, and to imbibe the patriotic
spirit which their lives embodied. It is well,
likewise, to become acquainted with the
literature of America, and to know some-
thing about the works of those who adorn
the world of letters. An acquaintance with
the little that attracts may lead to larger
excursions in that fascinating field, develop-
ing a taste for reading, and enriching the
mind with a knowledge of books and
authors.
The teachers of "B Grammar," Wood
street, Miss Rachel E. Bartine and Miss
Elizabeth G. Tomlinson, prove their merit
by their works, and the exercises reflected
credit upon them in a conspicuous degree.
It is good to witness progress in school
work, and the upward steps of the pupils,
and it is especially pleasing to see orderly
and dignified conduct linked with evidence
of improvement on the part of the boys and
girls. It seems more fitting, in such a case
as this, to call them little men and little
women, so manly and womanly was their
behavior. It is always encouraging to
observe those tokens which imply that pupils
know just why they attend school, and to be
assured by themselves that they appreciate
their advantages and opportunities. W.

Col. H. H. Hadley and his staff
of workers will be at the Baptist Church on
Sunday morning, at the Methodist Church
in the afternoon, and the Presbyterian in
the evening.

FOLLOWING THE TRAIL.
**A New Mining Camp—Its Gambling
Halls, Saloons and Dance Houses—
Its "Society" and Leading
Citizens, &c., &c.**
COLORADO SPRINGS, JAN. 30, 1896.
Cripple Creek, while still in infancy, is
far removed from primitive conditions, and
I lamented that I would get no opportunity
to see a gold camp at the very beginning
and witness this peculiar pioneering, on the
ground floor. At length, however, rumors
of a new field began to float about and an
occasional little item in the papers chron-
icled findings at West Creek, and finally,
after diligent inquiry, I discovered a man
who had just been there and another who
wanted to go, and a couple of weeks ago the
two of us took the train for Woodland Park,
a pretty little mountain resort twenty miles
from here up Ute Pass. My companion
was a lawyer from Wyoming who has been
ten or twelve years in this western country,
and is familiar with the various phases of
the life, from ranching to mining. At
Woodland Park we took stage for a pull of
22 miles over a mountain trail to the gold
camp, and the four horses accomplished the
distance in four hours. It was a fine ride.
The day was bright, and with no wind we
were perfectly comfortable at an altitude of
nine thousand five hundred feet. The trail
was rough in places, since no pretense of
filling hollows or cutting off humps has been
made, but the invigoration of the bright
sun and the inspiration of the scenery made
the journey a secondary matter, and forget-
ful of inconvenience we plunged on, up and
up for several miles, then almost level along
one of those peculiar elevated valleys that
abound in the Rockies, broad dishes in
among the very tips of the mountain peaks,
and finally entering timber we staggered
down a thickly wooded gulch to our
destination, the bran new town of Penber-
ton, under the shadow of a great, towering
berg of treeless rocks, cutting the sky with
jagged edges and known as Thunder Butte.
West Creek, like Cripple Creek, is a dis-
trict and not a town. It lies due north of
Pike's Peak, and is about thirty miles as
the crow flies, from its famous and older
sister camp, with a mountain range between.
It is about midway between the Colorado
Midland railway at Woodland Park, and the
South Park road at South Platte on the
north. At the time of our visit there were
three towns, North Cripple Creek, West
Creek and Penberton, though I hear that
another, Tyler, is now going up. I rather
suspect that the name of North Cripple
Creek has been selected with a boom pur-
pose, and that town lots and mining stocks
located there will hereafter be purchased
under the impression that the locality is an
addition to the town of Cripple Creek. I
must say though that the site is a delightful
one, and if as projected, the railroad from
Denver to Cripple Creek passes through
there, it will be the metropolis of the dis-
trict. At the time of my visit the embryo
city contained one substantial cabin, one
saloon, the company's office and three or
four tents, with the dance halls and a hotel
just begun. West Creek contained by count-
ing fences and back buildings, eleven
tents and twenty "shacks," the buildings
being stores, saloons and lodging houses. A
shack is an utterly nondescript affair, a sort
of architectural "valley dog," a combina-
tion of legs, claws, poles and canvas, as
varied in proportion and arrangement as
the ability of the occupant to buy, beg or
steal the materials. While they are so
varied as to defy an enumeration of specific
characteristics, they all have a sore-eyed,
mangy expression impossible to mistake,
being more utterly woe begone in appear-
ance than the brush huts of the choppers in
the turpentine forests of North Carolina,
which is saying a great deal.
The metropolis of the district is Penber-
ton, nearly at the foot of the gulch, down
which flows the stream of West Creek on its
meandering way to swell the waters of the
Platte river. To say that Penberton is a
"corker" but faintly expresses it. Expressed
as slang generally is, it contains no one
word that can do justice to the impression
made upon a tenderfoot by an introduction
to a genuine, fresh, blooming Rocky Moun-
tain mining camp. The first building in the
town was begun Nov. 16, 1895, and two
months later, January 16 and 17, when I
was there, the town comprised between 75
and 100 buildings, cabins, shacks, tents,
sheltering about 400 people, I should say,
though they claimed a population of twice
this size, which certainly was not there.
The main street contained thirty-one build-
ings, thirteen of them being saloons. There
were two hotels, both so utterly atrocious
that whichever one you select, you'll wish
you had taken the other. We stopped at the
Ledy House, named for, and I believe
belonging to one of Colorado's State Sen-
ators. A photograph that I secured, taken
Dec. 11, shows the structure just begun.
The partition walls are boarded up about
four feet high, and the rest is canvas cov-
ered with paper. The first floor is one
large room serving for general loafing pur-
poses and dining room, the tables being
piled up at night and replaced by cots. The
second story contains a dozen rooms, one of
which we were lucky enough to secure.
About twenty-five per cent of the population
were genuine miners and prospectors, the
balance were boomers and rustlers, com-
prising every known variety of thug, thief,
tough, loafer and sharper, with a sprinkling,
however, of honest men gone broke,
without any clear idea of what they were
after, but imbued with the hope that they
would strike it rich, somewhere or other. I
doubt if there was a thousand dollars in
cash in the camp. There were about twenty
women, at least nineteen of whom would
not make proper subjects for description to
ears polite. I noticed perhaps half a dozen
cases where men had brought their wives
and children, but these had been careful to
establish themselves on the hillside, away
from the centre of population. The land,
of course, for miles, was all staked off in
claims, the character of which indicated
very clearly the small proportion of actual
prospectors. I did not see a dozen that
bore any indication of being genuine claims.
The stakes were up at the corners and claim
notices posted, but the hole was usually
sunk in the softest spot, with no indication
whatever of a vein—just a hole in the drift
 dug under pretense of being a prospect hole,
in utter ignorance of what constitutes a dis-
covery shaft, either physically or legally,
and a doubt in the majority of instances,
staked with the intention of "selling the
stakes." I heard of marvelous rich assays,
but only saw two assays' certificates, one
showing forty and another sixty dollars to
the ton. Not a pound of ore has yet been
shipped, and there was then no shaft deeper
than twenty-five feet, and all the assays had
been from "float," that is loose rock found
on the surface or among the drift, and not
from a vein. I talked with a half a dozen
miners and they all agreed in saying that
there was undoubtedly gold in the district,
and probably very rich veins, but they
would be found at depth and would re-
quire considerable money to discover. What
interested me chiefly, however, was the
community itself. Here was a town sprung
into a narrow gulch, its only water supply
and drainage channel was a meekly lit-
tle mountain stream that crossed the main
street twice in its windings, and through
which every horse must wade, the ice not
being heavy enough to bear teams. Here
were men living in the flimsiest of shelter,
not a few even sleeping on the frozen ground
under their wagons, all insufficiently fed
with the roughest kind of badly-cooked
food, often snatched in a hurry, half cooked
and eaten, as it were, on the run. Every-
body at high tension, and many ill-clad, and
all this in a climate pleasant enough, even
grateful, in the bright sunlight, but intensely
cold at night and subject to snow storm and
tempest, all hands risking not money nor
merely health, but life itself, in the mad
rush for gold. I doubt if a single man in
the camp would be willing for the absolute
certainty of work at good wages in any line
whatever, to endure a tenth of the hardship,
discomfort and risk that all were voluntarily
taking for the bare chance of gold—for a
lucky strike that each knew well could not
possibly come to all. Truly we are all in-
tensely human. The westerner is accus-
tomed to men of national prominence of con-
spiring to undermine the foundations of the
Republic, and shouting himself hoarse in
denunciation of the eastern gold bug, while
he himself is starving and freezing, and
ready to shoot or be shot in his own wild
stampede for the yellow demon.

We visited all the saloons and both the
dance halls in the evening. Every saloon
is, of course, a gambling den, and the poverty
of the camp was well shown in the small
size of the stakes. While one or two of
the saloons have a woman to entertain the
patrons by howling "The Sidewalks
of New York," and other choice classics, the
women were, of course, congregated at the
dance halls, where the dark lines in the
spectrum of human nature were even more
prominent than in the saloons. I went on
the dancing floor, but declined several in-
vitations from the sirens to "take a waltz,
young fellow." I noticed that my compan-
ion stuck closely to me, and in response
to his look I followed him through the crowd
and out to the street. "What's the matter,
said I to anything green?" "None, no!" he
said, "I was afraid of your girl—you did
have sense enough not to dance, but I was
afraid you were going to, and there'd have
been a row if you had, most likely." He
then explained that the lack of toughness in
my appearance was likely to give the im-
pression that I had money about me, and
that the trick in such cases was for the
woman to pick a quarrel, which naturally
ended in doing up the tenderfoot—which
was possibly a "guff," but I thanked him
and told him he might be ready with his
gun, though I would try to give him no use
for it, and we went to the rival dance hall.
Shortly before midnight we sought our room
and crawled in between rough blankets to
sleep the sleep of the just under half a ton
or so of heavy comfortable that kept me
warm but nearly broke my bones with their
weight. My companion insisted that I
should put all my belongings at my head
and my money next to my skin, and stick-
ing his seven shooter under his pillow, said,
"Now there's my gun, and if anything hap-
pens grab it first and ask questions after-
wards." The night passed quietly, how-
ever, except that in the small hours, having
left our door open for ventilation, we were
awakened by a drunkard staggering in,
declaring that it was his room, but we told
him we would pitch him out of the window
if he didn't get out and he giggled and left,
while my good-natured companion, at the
suggestion of my fear that the drunken
idiot might drop his candle and set the
flimsy place afire, crawled out into the cold,
and with the help of the landlord, who had
also been aroused, stowed the loafer away
with safety to the rest of us. I'd give a
half dollar for a picture of the giggling
fool standing away in the doorway, try-
ing to hold his candle straight and gurgling
"fish shi shi number nine—number nine—
my room."

As I am constitutionally opposed to get-
ting up first in the morning I let my com-
panion have that honor and struggled down
the stairs about seven o'clock and while stand-
ing at the general washstand, fishing the
ice out of the bucket preparatory to taking
a cold storage wash, he appeared with a
welcome dipper of hot water that he had
confiscated from the kitchen for me and I
"licked off" with some degree of comfort.
The stage ride and tramping about the hills
the day before, with inability to "go the
grub" had roused a fierce appetite and I
managed to get down a couple of hard
boiled eggs for breakfast—you can feel that
eggs are clean. At noon my companion,
with the admission that the grub was pretty
tough, suggested that we try a restaurant to
fill our hollows. We tried it. He did
better than I could. I wasn't yet actually
starving and could not go the bowl of steam-
ing green called beef soup, nor the cup of
murky fifth named coffee, so we left our
pipes and strolled out and the pine covered
hills to get hungrier than ever.

I must confess that as I stood in these
dance halls and looked into the faces of the
toughs and the—well, toughies, I suppose
I would describe them, I did not see much
romance. The hard, cruel reality was so
prominent in face and action. I tried to
recall the Bret Harte stories of generosity
and kind-heartedness, and to decipher some
outcropping of it, but all I could do was to
feel the hope that the good God in his mercy
did sometimes allow a faint glimmer of
something bright to illumine for a mo-
ment those blackened lives and the odor of

some forgotten goodness to quench for an
instant the foul rottenness of their degraded
humanity. And yet, I cannot tell why, but
with all the toughness and filth and disor-
der and crime of this rough little mining
camp, that is uncouth to look upon and in-
convenient to be in, twenty-odd miles from
railroad or postoffice or telegraph, with no
order and less law, that has had its in-
itiation of bullets, though not yet its baptism
of murder, with it all, there is a fascination
about it, such that I would have stayed
longer had I not realized that hunger and
exhaustion were fair to soon reduce me to a
point where some unlooked for exposure
would mean pneumonia, of which there
were seven cases in the camp.

A. W. H. GILKISON.

Bristol's Water Supply.
EDITOR GAZETTE:—It is an extremely deli-
cate matter to join issue with one whose age
and character justify little more than the re-
spect and regard of his fellow-townsmen,
and it is only justifiable when the subject of
discussion is one of pressing public impor-
tance, and when it is necessary to put facts
in their true light.

An article signed by our esteemed fellow-
citizen, Louis A. Houget, published in our
local papers last week, makes, doubtless in-
advertently, a statement more erroneous
than the "impressions" which the writer of
the piece felt it his duty to correct. It was
stated, in effect, that as a member of the
town council I was in measure responsible
for allowing much additional sewage to be
emptied into the river, thus adding to its
contamination. Had the writer of said ar-
ticle taken the pains to look up the facts
of the case he would have learned that in,
I think two cases, where permission was
asked to connect with sewers emptying into
the river above the water works, it was op-
posed by me by both speaking and voting
against the granting of the privilege, but if
my memory serves me, I was in the hope-
less minority of one.

The article seems to convey the impres-
sion that it is not "good form" for one who
has only lived a decade in Bristol to be so
rash as to criticize one of its time-honored
institutions. "His true, his pity," that I
would be ineligible for membership among
"The First Settlers," but possibly my
temerity may be excused by the plan that
for more than thirty years I have enjoyed a
fairly intimate acquaintance with the vary-
ing fortunes of the borough which is now
my home.

It would afford me great pleasure to agree
with the writer of the article in his belief
that the management of the water company
has always been guided by an unselfish zeal
for the welfare of the town, but, unfortu-
nately, that gratification is denied me, not
only by my knowledge of Bristol prior to
1885, but also by some official intercourse
with the company since.

Passing from these items personal, there
are two or three points of public interest
contained in the piece under consideration,
to which attention may be profitably di-
rected.

First—It is no excuse for the miserable
quality of our water to say that it is no
worse than what our neighbors are com-
pelled to put up with. Many a bad boy
has tried to escape merited correction by plead-
ing that he was no worse than the other fel-
lows, no, not nearly as bad, but this sort of
argument does not usually lead to a less-
ening of punishment.

Second—By a singular coincidence two
opinions were given in last week's GAZETTE,
side by side. One, by Treasurer Hoguet,
pronounced that filtration did not amount to
much, anyhow. The other, by Prof.
Drown, of Lehigh University, who has evi-
dently given the subject much study, cited
not only theory, but facts, proving that fil-
tration meant the difference between pure
and impure water. When, in 1892, the
cholera raged in the city of Hamburg, the
city of Altona, three or four miles below,
drew its water supply from the Elbe, which
received all the drainage from Hamburg,
and yet, thanks to its thorough filtration,
Altona was practically free of disease.
Lawrence, Mass., is another instance where
filtration has been demonstrated that filtra-
tion practically eradicated typhoid in a city
where previously the death rate from that
preventable disease had been large. If it
be true that every case of typhoid costs the
community \$100, as has been carefully cal-
culated, the loss to Bristol this winter can
be reckoned by thousands of dollars, and
all on account of using contaminated water.
Counting the sickness and death from ty-
phoid during the past three or four years,
the people of Bristol have lost almost
enough money to build an entirely new
water works. There are no insurmountable
obstacles in the way of getting clean, pure,
palatable water from the Delaware, which
far better than any well water, only need-
ing purification to put the river at the head
of any available source of supply.

In conclusion, it may not be amiss to re-
mark that the writer claims no monopoly of
zeal for the welfare of Bristol, and all credit
for anything that he may have been able to
do for the good of the borough is largely
due to the co-operation of others of his fel-
low citizens who have been much more than
equally public spirited. Furthermore, the
articles on our water supply, of which this
is the summing up, have not been prepared
in any spirit of animosity to the water com-
pany or any of its managers, but solely as
an effort to arouse them to the great impor-
tance of showing by their deeds that they
are in very truth interested in the town's
welfare, and that they may be persuaded to
lay aside all prejudice and all selfish con-
siderations, and perform the paramount
duty they owe the community, namely, to
furnish an abundant supply of PURE water.
While all of the people of a community
may be trifled with some of the time, and
some of the people all of the time, it is a
risky thing to venture on trifling with all of

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE
The people all of the time, and unless the
water company promptly takes measures to
improve the quality of our water, I have
reason to believe that the citizens may try
to find a way to remedy their just griev-
ances, more efficient than newspaper con-
troversy, which, on my part, is now closed.
JOHN C. MATTHEW.

—Mr. Wm. H. Lambert, of Philadelphia,
is one of the most intelligent and indefatig-
able collectors of Lincolniana in the country.
His collection includes many rare and pre-
cious pieces, such as the precise in Lincoln's
first lawsuit; Lincoln's old "Webster's
Dictionary"; the chair, desk and instand
used by Lincoln for years in his Springfield
law office; one of the finest original au-
tographs of Lincoln in existence, and several
original Lincoln letters, besides quantities of
engravings, wood-cuts and curios. Mr.
Lambert's collection of literature on Lincoln
is practically complete, containing hundreds
of books, pamphlets and newspapers. With
this vast amount of material Mr. Lambert is
himself perfectly familiar, and his intimate
knowledge of all that has been written in
regard to Lincoln makes his opinion of any
new work on the subject of peculiar value.
Of the "Life of Lincoln now running in
McClure's Magazine, Mr. Lambert writes:
"I congratulate you upon the value of the
Lincoln history, and upon the success which
has followed its publication. Preceding as
it does Lincoln's personal history and
characteristics more fully than any other
biography, I believe it is destined to be the
popular life of the great American."

Comments.
They are far the largest and most stir-
ring in appearance of our common English
language, and a commonest is a yard
long, and very strong and heavy, and
though more quaint than beautiful,
whether diving, diving, or sitting on the
rocks or bays, it is a far more interesting
creature than the sequel, a wonderful
instance of adaptation of form to special
needs, and of permanence of type endur-
ing from remote ages, for the fossil cor-
puscles hardly differ from those which
are now fishing from the cliffs in which
their portly ancestors are embedded.
Our common "great black common" is
not only the most representative type of
its kind, but a singularly beautiful in-
stant of the kind of which the inhabi-
tants of the shadowy sea of both the old
and new worlds. He is found throughout
Europe, in North Africa, Egypt and the
greater part of Asia in eastern North
America, and a little elsewhere by dis-
tance, in New Zealand and Australia.
Lastly, he is the only bird, except the
hawks and falcons, which is trained to as-
sist in the capture of living prey, and in
this vocation he is of all birds by sense,
memory and affection incomparably the
best.—London Spectator.

An Old Chateau.
Above a gateway in a high park wall
hung a rusty chain, and this being pulled
caused a bell to give forth a singular
sound. A surprised gardener, after a long
delay, let the carriage in, which tolled up
through a tangled thicket of vegetation till
it stopped before a handsome portico. The
rooms were of disproportionate size, the sun-
light streaming by the great windows and
the glorious prospect of river and valley
did not drive away the gloom which
settled upon the guests with the entrance
to a mausoleum on a November evening.
Up stairs there was a stately cham-
ber with an old overgown on the wall rep-
resenting the man of the house, and a
bedroom, and on a gilded stand a garden
photograph, signed, "Philippe Comte de
Paris."
In one room was a hall of The Gazette
de France, and while we were wondering
why for months the vapors of that re-
sponsible organ had not been broken
open, and why they had been brought out
of a bedroom, the gaudy old garden
photograph, pointing to the date, January
1896, "Le lit du malade in marquis
est mort." Then we recognized the pre-
valing odor of disinfectant, and we under-
stood the reason of the recommendation
to a mausoleum on a November evening.
Up stairs there was a stately cham-
ber with an old overgown on the wall rep-
resenting the man of the house, and a
bedroom, and on a gilded stand a garden
photograph, signed, "Philippe Comte de
Paris."

Royal Gamblers.
The fascination which games of chance
have exerted over gamblers is amply
well illustrated in the description by Stow
of the entertainment given by Henry
Pleas, mayor of London, in 1367, when
the kings of France and Scotland, being
present, the game of roulette was played,
pointing to the date, January 1896, "Le lit du malade in marquis
est mort." Then we recognized the pre-
valing odor of disinfectant, and we under-
stood the reason of the recommendation
to a mausoleum on a November evening.
Up stairs there was a stately cham-
ber with an old overgown on the wall rep-
resenting the man of the house, and a
bedroom, and on a gilded stand a garden
photograph, signed, "Philippe Comte de
Paris."

Too Far Away.
"I'm sorry, Mr. Thompson," said the
leader of the band, "but we shall have to
dispense with your services."
"Why?" "You ask me why? A man who
has got so far that he is no longer his
middle of the drum asks me why?"
—Strand Magazine.

Not Always the Same.
"You don't seem to me much for origi-
nal ideas," said the contributor, with a
sneer, as he gathered up his manuscript.
"No," replied the now blank editor,
"we'd rather have good ones."—W

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.
"Castoria" is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ANCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. G. F. Brinkerhoff,
Specialist in Lenses for the Eye,
Has resumed his visits to Bristol,
and will be at
A. E. BAYLIES' JEWELRY STORE
Thursday, March 12th.

G. Schiesser, Jr.,
217 Jefferson Ave.,
Bristol.
Agent for the celebrated
Rambler Bicycles.

DANCING.
Wilson's Dancing Academy,
Cor. Radcliffe and Walnut Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.,
Will open for the Fall Term on
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10th, 1895,
At 7.30 P. M.

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The attention of the public is directed to the fact that the
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in Bristol, or for that matter, than any other office in Lower Bucks
county. It has the largest assortment of job types selected with care
for beauty of face and diversity of work, and also has a large variety
of electro engravings, borders, rules, etc., which go a great ways
off times towards making a good looking and attractive piece of printing.
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ALL who suffer with lame back, muscular
soreness, tender, inflamed and swollen
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MATISM, may confidently expect prompt
relief from the use of
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THE LATEST AND THE BEST.
Free sample at
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For
Bathing
Purposes

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ELY'S PINEOLA BALM is a sure Remedy
for coughs, colds, sore throat and for asthma. It
relieves the throat, soothes the inflamed
membranes, and breaks up the phlegm.
It is a household necessity, and is
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will invariably
derive benefit
from
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Pink Pills
for
Coughs and
Colds.
These pills
are
sold by
all
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Price, 25c.
Per bottle.
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QUAKER CHICKEN CAKE a positive cure
for Coughs and Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness,
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